

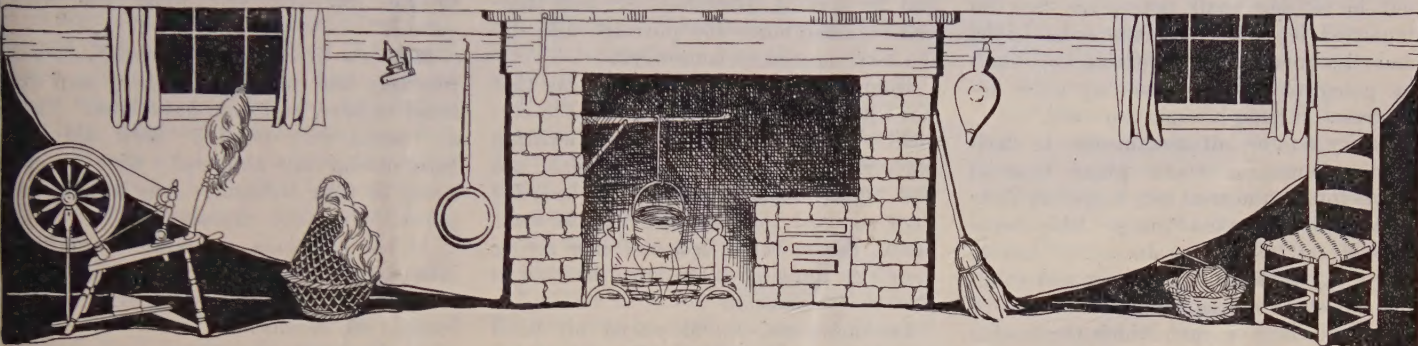
# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVI. No. 21

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FEBRUARY 21, 1926



## The Battle of Mittens

By Ruth Kathryn Gaylord

**E**UNICE BRADLEY was down on her knees carefully sweeping the hearth with a worn turkey-wing. Just as she finished making everything tidy, along came a gust of wind down the chimney, and she had all her work to do over again. When she got down on her knees the second time, Eunice was scowling.

In those hard days following our Revolution, no girl as old as Eunice would ever dream of complaining aloud for any little annoyance — not after living through such real hardship as the years of the war had meant — but even a courageous girl of thirteen may scowl to herself when the wind blows wood-ashes out over the hearth!

No one was supposed to have seen her scowl; but her mother, entering the room at just that moment, did see her and smiled very gently. "Eunice, my dear, we will leave the ashes. There are weightier matters to concern us. Neighbor Johnson in passing has stopped at our door to bring me word that his wife is ill. It is clearly my duty to return at once with him. Come with me, Eunice, and help me put together the few things I may need."

"But how long will you be gone?" the girl questioned.

"That I cannot tell." Mistress Bradley laid a confident hand on her young daughter's shoulder. "However, I do know that, whatever my absence, you can manage well without me. Grandmother is here to assist in the planning; and the younger children shall be reminded to help

you as they can with the work. I can trust you full well. I shall not be at all fearful."

Eunice glanced through the tiny-paned window at the snow-drifted ground without. Then she straightened her shoulders to assume the new responsibility. "I will do my best in your place, Mother. May I not make it a game? I shall consider myself as an under officer whom General Washington has left in command." Eunice stood at attention, as a soldier might have done. "You will desire a full report of our battles on your return?"

Mistress Bradley smiled brightly. "Perchance there may be no great battles, only peaceful occupation. I trust it may be so. Forget not, however, that I am quite confident. The General did not leave as substitute an officer whom he could not trust!"

When she had gone, Eunice prepared the night meal, talking gaily with Grandmother, who sat knitting now by the hearth. After a time, John and Doreas came home from school, stamping the snow from their boots. They had struggled on their short legs through two miles of snow, and their cheeks were glowing.

"It is crusting," cried little John. "In some places, we no longer break through. Doreas fell once and slid —"

Eunice pulled off their damp clothes. "Run now," she commanded, "and get dry. Sit by Grandmother there at the fire. Ask her to tell you where Mother has gone. I am too busy."

Eunice had just baked some spice cakes and was taking them from the oven, when

Hannah Williams arrived. She came in, bringing a flurry of snow with her, and behind her came her brother.

"Daniel brought me on horseback," Hannah exclaimed joyfully. "I have come to spend the night, and I may stay, if you wish, through to-morrow. Your mother stopped at our house on her way and said you might be lonely."

Eunice's eyes shone. Dear Mother! "You must stay," she decreed, "as long as your family can spare you. Here, Daniel, is a cake for your trouble in bringing her."

Daniel bowed low as he accepted the spice cake. He had been apprenticed to a printer in Boston, and there he had learned such fine manners. "On my honor," he declared, "these are the very finest cakes it has ever been my lot to partake of!"

Eunice blushed and Hannah looked proudly after her brother as he started back home, riding his handsome horse, a "Narragansett pacer."

"See what he brought me!" she exclaimed then, displaying a gold locket with her name on one side. "Is it not pretty? I shall wear it only for best. Truly it is an advantage to have one's brother living in the big city of Boston."

The city of Boston was really quite small in those days, of course, compared to what it is now; but to both Eunice and Hannah it seemed huge. Eunice sighed a little and wished her own brother would copy Daniel's courtly manners.

He came in soon afterward with their father from the barn and helped himself

to a cake. "Mmm!" was all he said.

Thinking of Daniel's elaborate thanks, Eunice flushed and looked toward Hannah, who was smiling rather disdainfully. Perhaps Grandmother also noticed the difference, for she remarked just then: "Bradley men have always been big eaters and small talkers."

To herself, Eunice thought: "I shouldn't care how big eaters they might be, if they were a little bigger thankers!" She felt ashamed of David, but she would not for the world have admitted it in Hannah's presence.

To-night, Father had news. Stretching out in his big chair before the fire, he imparted it briefly. "If the crust holds, and the weather is favorable, we shall be going to the city the day after tomorrow. A man brought me word."

Every winter, all the farmers in various communities made plans thus to travel into the nearest city together. They went in sleighs called "pungs" which were packed full of the produce they had to sell—it might be pigs or deer and country butter or cheese besides a bundle of skins and balls of yarn which the women had spun. These they traded for fish-hooks, powder and shot, pewter, clothing, and spices.

Now Eunice thought swiftly. "I must cook up bean porridge for the mitchin-box." For no winter ride to market would be complete without the frozen porridge which was carried in a swinging pot hung beneath the pung. This was the men's food supply until they could reach a hot meal again in the city.

"Grandmother will tell me how to prepare it," Eunice was thinking. "I must do that in the morning."

But in another moment, David changed her plans. "My woolen mittens are near threadbare, and the air will be cold on the ride."

Eunice knew it would be cold. At the rear end of each pung, was built a step where the men stood and behind it a high backboard for shelter. David's fingers would most certainly be chilled. He ought to have new mittens—warm, thick ones.

After searching, Eunice found one small ball of yarn—not nearly enough. In the back of her mind, she kept remembering a story they had heard. There was a girl up in New Hampshire who had carded and spun wool at night, soaked and scoured it next morning, and finished a pair of mittens all within twenty-four hours.

"I could do it," Eunice was sure, "but it would be truly hard work, and—" she thought to herself suddenly—"when it was done, David would give me spare thanks. He might say, 'Mmm!'"

In a flash, then, Eunice remembered. General Washington had been her hero; had he ever labored for the thanks he would receive? He had done what was his duty, and he had done it with all of

his might. Here was Eunice who was pretending to be his under officer. Could she do less?

Eunice spoke then very quickly before she might change her mind. "I can make you new mittens, David, if Hannah is willing to prepare the bean porridge."

"To be sure!" Hannah said. She might be a bit lofty about her Boston brother, but after all she was a real country girl, accustomed to emergencies, and she was Eunice's devoted friend.

Late into the night, Eunice worked carding the wool—a tiresome task. Early in the morning, she rose and began to spin it. Grandmother and Hannah together made the porridge and did the most necessary housework.

Eunice was not quite so swift as that girl up in New Hampshire. On the second evening, she was still knitting fiercely. She finished the mittens late that night. Then, tumbling into bed, she slept so hard that Hannah had to wake her in the morning, lest she miss seeing their own pung drive off down the road to join the procession.

Looking back, David waved his hand in its new mitten. What he had said the night before was only: "Oh, I thought you could do it!"

Eunice was tired now and her nerves were on edge. As she dressed, she said to herself, "That is every word of gratitude I'll ever get!" She was very tired, and she had forgotten all about General Washington. She had forgotten she was pretending to be his under officer.

Mother returned the next day, and Hannah's brother came again on his big horse. As Eunice waved them farewell from the doorway, he was just finishing another compliment. "... such a pleasant day and such a charming maiden!"

Eunice sighed as she closed the door. "Mother, did Father ever make speeches to you like that one when you were young?"

Mother's lips twisted strangely. "None precisely like that one. Bradley men are small talkers, and ever have been." Then she asked very gently: "How did you fare during my absence? Give an account to your General! Any attacks repulsed or enemies captured?"

At her questions, a sparkle crept back into Eunice's eyes. "There was a Battle of Mittens!" she acknowledged. "Shall I recount the details?"

On the third day, the pungs returned. David and Father stamped into the kitchen, their arms loaded with bundles,



"WHAT IS IT, DAVID? WHY, IT IS—!"

stamped out and returned with even more bundles. In the excitement, John and Dorcas ran frantically about. Even Grandmother laid down her knitting.

There were spices and white sugar and fine flour for Mistress Bradley; there were marbles for John and a silk-gowned doll for little Dorcas, and a bag of licorice for them both. The last of Father's bundles proved to be the pewter Mother had been longing for.

David was fussing with the string on a package in one corner. "What did you get for your skins and the brooms?" Eunice asked him.

There had been a good number of skins and an even larger number of brooms. David had worked on them for hours, night after night. All the boys in those days made them after the old Indian fashion. They cut a birch-tree, then with their knives slit one end into fine splinters, bent these back, tied them strongly, leaving the uncut end of the birch for a handle.

"Did you get a new knife," Eunice pursued, "and a beaver hat?"

David muttered, "I saw no hat that I wanted. So I brought this instead." With

a quick gesture, he flung open his parcel.

"Oh, it is calico!" Eunice exclaimed. "David, you got it for me instead of your own beaver hat? David, you should not have done so!"

David muttered again — something this time about "mittens."

"But you need not have," Eunice insisted. "You had already thanked me enough. You need not have —"

David's face was very red. "I wished to!" he said. "You have not looked at the pattern."

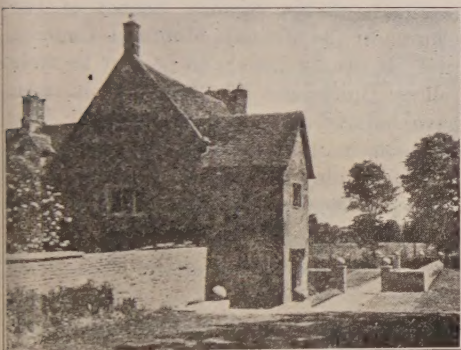
Eunice was looking at it now. She had seen calico with little baskets in the design, and with a "liberty peak," but this was different. "What is it, David? Why — why, it looks like — why, it is —!"

"It is — what?" Dorcas shrilled.

Eunice laughed. "Each little figure is a profile of General George Washington! Is it not clever? I shall have such a fine dress that Hannah will be envying me. It must have cost —"

"It matters not what it cost," David answered.

Eunice's eyes met her mother's. "Bradley men may be small talkers, but they are great doers, are they not?" she said.



## The House of Peace

By Leah Adkisson Kazmark

OVER in the central part of old England stands an ancient house dear to the hearts of Americans because here in the merry days of Queen Elizabeth lived the forefathers of our own George Washington. Sulgrave Manor is the name of the old dwelling, taking its name from the tiny village which lies at the edge of its great gate and hawthorn hedges.

Long, long ago the estate of rich rolling lands and great limestone house with tall chimneys and peaked roof belonged to the monks and was used as a monastery. Some years later it was given to Lawrence Washington, descendant of a brave knight, for services he had rendered the king, and for many long years Sulgrave Manor remained the property of the Washingtons, passing from father to son.

In the days of George's great-grandfather, John, the estate had passed into

other hands, as the Washingtons had met with financial losses. Relatives from London had bought Sulgrave Manor while Lawrence Washington, a descendant of the first Lawrence, had moved with his family to a modest cottage in the village of Brington. Later his sons, John and Lawrence, sailed for the New World to try making their fortune, since their father could give them neither wealth nor an education in England. John, grandfather of the great Washington of America, settled in Virginia and began life anew in the strange land.

Washington himself knew but little about his forefathers of England. It is certain that he knew of the family coat-of-arms for he used this as a seal on important military papers during the Revolution. Many historians have thought that he had this in mind when he told Mistress Betsy Ross, the little seamstress of Philadelphia, how he would like the flag made. The coat-of-arms — stars, stripes, and a raven at the top — may still be seen graven in stone over the front entrance to Sulgrave Manor.

The old Manor House passed from one hand to another, the name of Washington was forgotten in England, and the quaint and charming old place was fast becoming a mass of ruins. A few Americans, one of whom was Washington Irving, traveling in England, visited the old estate and wrote in sadness of its neglect.

But at last an American woman, living abroad, offered a large sum to be used for the purchase of the Manor, the outlying buildings, and ten acres of its beautiful rolling grounds, with the provision

that the home be called "The House of Peace" and forever kept open as a shrine in the interest of peace between England and America — two lands who honor the name of Washington.

This has been done, and Sulgrave Manor, dedicated as the House of Peace, stands open now to American visitors. Many people of this country have affiliated with the Sulgrave Institution, the society into whose keeping the home is to be retained. Great numbers of English folk have joined the society, annually paying dues, in order that the fine old home may be restored as it was in the days of Lawrence, first grantee of the land, and Aimee, his wife, both of whom lie buried in the ivy-mantled church in the adjacent village of Sulgrave.

The Manor house is being restored as much as possible as it was in former times of the Good Queen Bess. Furniture of that period has been bought for the house, and even the garden where the little Washington children used to play "Ring-around-a-rosy" is blooming again with lavender and rosemary.

In one part of the old place is being gathered an interesting and valuable collection of things dealing with the life of George Washington. Here may be seen some of his letters, his pictures, a noted collection of silhouettes, a famous Peele painting of him as a general, and also one of his mother, Mary Ball Washington. Sulgrave Institution hopes to add to this collection until it ranks with those of America.

So, under the shadow of ancient elms, stands Sulgrave Manor. As "The House of Peace" it is a heritage of English-speaking people and especially of all Americans who honor the name of Washington.

## My Daddy

BY LONA MACDORMAN

My nice big Dad's a wonder.

He has so many names,  
To me, he is "Dear Daddy,"  
But Grandpa calls him "James."

My Grandma calls him "Son,"  
Aunt Betty calls him "Bubby,"  
His partner says "Hello, old top,"  
And mother calls him "Hubby."

The office girls say "Mister Strent."  
The meat man calls him "Jim";  
And Daddy's old school teacher —  
That mother named "Miss Prim," —

Could you guess? She calls him  
"Laddy."

She says he was the nicest boy;  
Among so many naughty ones,  
He was her pride and joy.

She says, if I'm as good a boy  
As my dear Daddy used to be,  
I'll some day be as fine a man;  
And mother nods and smiles at me.

## THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, ACTING EDITOR,  
16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

### Sowing the Seed

In the spring, when the farmer takes his plow out into the field and starts to plow the ground, then carefully plants the seed in the ground, and then watches over that seed until it becomes a full-grown plant, he does not do that just for the exercise he gets out of it. He knows that by carefully planting his seed and then carefully guiding its growing he will be rewarded with a harvest. Now it is the same with our minds. Our parents do the best they can in putting us in good surroundings, just as the farmer puts his seed in the best soil he can find. It requires a lot of hard work to make that seed grow as it should—hours of weeding—hours of sunshine—hours of rain. It is the same way with the mind—it takes hours of arithmetic—hours of spelling—hours of history, to make the mind grow properly. So don't complain about how hard you work in school—some time you will reap the harvest.

W. F. R.

### What Some of Our Schools are Doing

The school of the First Church of Providence, R. I., has a Children's Choir, now in its second year. The children are from seven to thirteen years of age and are under the direction of Miss Annette Ham. The choir meets regularly for rehearsal, took an important part in the Christmas play, sings during the taking up of the collection—which is done as in church by four of the larger boys—and leads the recessional, thus getting the children out of the assembly room in orderly fashion.

The school begins at 9.45 with seven minutes' practice of hymns for all. Late comers are held in the anteroom during this period and seated before the beginning of the service. This has proved an excellent way to accomplish the learning of new hymns without upsetting the dignity of the service itself.

There are monthly meetings of the officers and teachers of the school with the Pastoral Committee of the church—the committee which is responsible for the church school as well as pastoral supply—and the church-school committees of the Alliance and the Laymen's League. Supper is served, followed by a discussion of business matters and some bit of teaching or inspirational suggestion to close. The meetings are much enjoyed and most helpful in creating a "corporate spirit in the school."

## The Frost Pane

What's the good of breathing  
On the window  
Pane

In summer?

You can't make a frost

On the window pane

In summer.

You can't write a

Nalphabet,

You can't draw a

Nelephant;

You can't make a smudge

With your nose

(In summer).

Lots of good, breathing

On the window

Pane

In winter.

You can make a frost

On the window pane

In winter.

A white frost, a light frost,

A thick frost, a quick frost,

A write-me-out-a-picture-frost

Across

The pane

In

Winter.

—DAVID McCORD, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

Mr. Cecil Roy, the secretary and treasurer of All Souls' Church School, Winnipeg, Canada, sends the following interesting report of activities in their school:

"Our Junior children, those under fourteen years of age, enroll themselves under the name of 'Forwards,' the name suggested by the hymn, 'Forward be our watchword.' On Sunday afternoons, for lesson work, we gather under the direction of Miss Addison who is giving a splendid course of addresses from 'Peter and Paul and Their Friends,' the class now numbering fourteen. The subject is discussed and the pupils prepare answers to the questions; at the end of the lesson the pupils write in their notebooks a synopsis of the work.

"The roll-call is answered by each pupil giving a quotation from the Bible, or other sources; these are also written and the 'Forward' secretary files them in a

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large manuscript book for reference and preservation. Some of these texts are drawn in the Old English illuminating style, with initial letters in various colors.—quite works of art.

"The 'Forwards' have a general committee to arrange picnics, outings, and tea parties, of which we have had several. Now the class is divided for competition into Reds and Blues, to maintain attendance, the learning of quotations, and writings for the Manuscript Book. The side that scores the least number of marks invites the winning side to a party. On the 13th of February the Blues invited the Reds to a valentine party.

"The Student Class read and discuss some book on philosophy or psychology; they are now studying Otto's 'Things and Ideals.' This class meets bi-weekly for lectures, discussions, or snowshoe or tobogganing parties. This group has allied themselves with the Y. P. R. U. and the League of Nations Society of Great Britain and the Oversea Dominions."

Not content with each member bringing a gift for the Big Stocking (for little children in the hospitals) and taking up a special collection for the Crippled Children's Hospital on Christmas Sunday, the members of the Sunday School of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal, Canada, pledged twenty dollars to be sent to their fellow Unitarians of Transylvania who have suffered so by the recent floods. The school is most alert this year, and on the second Sunday of January had one hundred per cent attendance,—every class in the school a banner class.

OUR ATTIC,  
February 8, 1926.

Dear Charles and Marjorie:

Paul has been home from school for a whole week. He hasn't been sick or anything, but the principal made him stay out of school. You see, last Friday, at recess, some of the boys found a little mouse that was almost dead from cold and they put it in Paul's desk, without his knowing it. When Paul came in from recess he opened his desk—we have the kind where the top tips up—and out jumped the mouse. Paul was so scared that he pushed some books on the floor, making an awful noise. Wasn't the teacher mad! She sent him to the principal, and he sent him home. Paul couldn't make him believe that he didn't know the mouse was in his desk, and neither could Mother.

We must find a nice name for our playhouse. We told Dad about yours and asked him for a name, and he said he thought Sinners' Retreat would be a good one; but Paul and I don't care for that name, do you?

Your loving cousins,

HARRIET AND PAUL.



### Fish-Bowl Sea

BY Verna Grisier McCully

Just think how funny it would be  
If I were small enough  
To paddle on a fish-bowl sea,  
Where tiny waves looked big and  
rough.

A bean-pod green would be my boat,  
A match would be the oar,  
I'd dash about the waves and float,  
Then I'd dock at the glass-bowl shore.\*

The only thing that bothers me  
Is the gold-fish appetite;  
What if that fish should look and see  
My bean-pod boat, then take a bite!

### A George Washington Party

Mrs. F. M. Brooks, superintendent of the church school in Urbana, Illinois, very kindly sends to *The Beacon* the following suggestions for what she says was one of the most successful of their Sunday-school parties.

"To begin with, the most suitable of George Washington's Rules of Conduct had been typewritten and distributed among the children. Each, when called upon, read his Rule and, if old enough, enlarged upon it; otherwise the Superintendent did so. (Much may be made of this in an interesting way.) Then followed the skit which I am sending, the lines being read dramatically while acted out.

"A rather small tree was so placed that it would topple over under a few lusty whacks from a blunt hatchet.

"The cherries were easily made by cutting out several squares of red and white tissue paper (white for lining), tying candy in them, — chocolate creams, gumdrops, or small candies — and suspending them from the branches by the threads. A few green-paper leaves, wired on, added to the effect.

"George Washington's father's costume was made simply by turning back the lapels of a coat, inserting a bright vest and adding a stock. The trousers were

rolled up to the knee and tied with black ribbon, and silver-paper buckles gave an old-fashioned look to the shoes. A queue can be made by fastening a 'switch' to a suitable hat.

"After the distribution of the cherries, games and light refreshments concluded the party."

Now listen, dear children, while a story  
I tell

Of some one you know and love, too, right  
well.

His name was George Washington, great  
among men,  
But he was a youngster, a little boy then.

For when he was eight, or perhaps he was  
nine,

They gave him a hatchet so new and so  
fine

That George went a-chipping and a-  
chopping around

Just trying his hatchet on all that he  
found.

As he was thus sporting, oh, what should  
he see

Growing high from the ground but a beau-  
tiful tree

All hung with bright cherries! Ah! What  
did he do?

He up with his hatchet, and *chopped that  
down too!*

But when with a thud down before him  
it fell

Poor George felt uneasy and sorry as  
well.

And suddenly whom should he see from  
afar,

With his cane in his hand, but his big,  
tall papa.

His father came up with a quick, angry  
stride

And stood by the tree which had once  
been his pride,

Then turning to George with a terrible  
frown

He roared in a rage, "Who dared cut this  
down?"

His manner so fierce would make any one  
quake,

And well might George Washington, ter-  
rified, shake,

But he cried out, "O Father, I can't tell  
a lie.

The villain who cut down your pet tree  
was I."

He bowed his young shoulders expecting  
a rain

Of blows swift and sharp from his father's  
big cane,

But his father embraced him with won-  
derful joy

And called him his dear, truthful, brave  
little boy.

Said he: "Since you told me the truth  
spite of fear,

Go, go, my dear son, call your playmates  
all here,

The girls and the boys, let them come to  
this tree,

And give to them all the ripe cherries  
you see."

### Swedish Prince Comes to America

Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden comes to America this spring. One of the objects of his visit will be to make a personal study of material in museums — objects that have been dug up in this country and that tell of a people who lived here even before the days of the American Indian.



WINTER WRAPPINGS



Dear Club Members:

The first letter to come from our Post Box today is from a member who joined our Club some time ago. Would it not be a pleasant surprise if we were to send Hazel a "birthday shower" of "something to read"? Let's!

THE EDITOR.

DODSON, VIRGINIA.

Dear Beacon Friends: I wonder if any of you remember me. It has been four years since I became a member of the Beacon Club, and I am wondering if it still exists and is as interesting as it was then. I enjoyed reading the stories and letters so much, but it has been a long time since I have even seen a copy of it.

I am fifteen years old and my birthday is March 6th. I am not in school this winter as my mother has been very ill and stays in bed most of the time, so I have to stay with her. We are alone during the day as my father is dead and the smaller children are in school. I get so lonely during the long days and would be so glad if some one would send me something to read.

My letter is long, but I hope it is printed, as I want the members to write me.

With best wishes to each of you, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

HAZEL COX.

55 BENNOCK ST.,

ORONO, MAINE.

Dear Editor: I have been reading *The Beacon* and it is very interesting. I should like to join the club. I am sending in a poem and I hope you like it.

I am eight years old and in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Wedgewood. I go to the United Parish church in Orono.

Yours truly,

BURNEY WILSON.

MENDON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and I should like to join the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I am ten years old and I am in the fifth grade at school.

I am enclosing a poem for the Cubs' Column.

Sincerely,

BEATRICE SHELDON.

Dear Young Authors:

The award for the best prose contribution is being sent to Miss Ellen Anna Fenner, Cleveland, Ohio. Her "Record of My Winter Friends" will be printed in two parts.

Miss Ann Meserve, of Chestnut Hill, Mass., wins the poetry award.

THE EDITOR.

### A Record of My Winter Friends

BY ELLEN ANNA FENNER (AGE 10)

#### PART I

IN our garden we have placed a piece of wood about two feet high. On top of this there is a blue dish about one inch deep. The little English sparrows like the pool because it is raised above reach of the cats. A dead chrysanthemum standing next to the pool forms an excellent place to alight; also a good perch. We have a stick from the fence in back of the pool so as to allow the birds to glance about before flying down to drink or bathe. We sometimes have a few migrants; robins are common in summer, and we have an occasional oriole. But our most common birds are the English sparrows, so my record is this:

December 18, 1925. The sparrows were out in the garden today as usual. They flew down, pecked at the ice in the pool, chattering all the time. As soon as my mother went out to feed them, they flew into a tree near by; but as soon as she came into the house, they went down again to drink and wash. Then as we watched from the kitchen window, one little fellow hopped into the pool, squatted down and took a fine bath. Then as his little mates tried to come,—peck, peck, and away they flew! Soon all were feeding on the ground except the little one in the pool and a few bold ones who were able to resist his pecks and bathed and drank cheerfully on. Then suddenly, with no apparent signal, all were gone. One or two still stayed in a tree near by, but most of them were gone entirely, and were out of sight in a minute.

### A Snowstorm

BY ANN MESERVE (AGE 9)

The snow is softly falling,  
Like feathers in the sky,  
The wind is softly moaning,  
While I in dreamland lie.

### Enigma

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 14, 6, 16, is a meadow.

My 9, 8, 2, 7, is a covering.

My 17, 9, 12, 5, 15, is to examine.

My 17, 1, 16, 11, is something boys and girls enjoy.

My 11, 3, 1, 4, is part of an egg.

My 5, 13, 9, 10, 16, 13, is an article of furniture.

My whole is a piece of advice.

ETHEL STEPHENSON WILLIAMS.

### Hidden Authors

The first answer is Alcott.

1. "Oh," she exclaimed, "is that real cotton?"

2. "It will burn!" Etta cried joyfully.

3. The swell surpassed any ever experienced on that beach.

4. Eleanor risked her life in the attempt.

5. "He's gone!" shouted the ogre. "Yet I may catch him if I hurry."

6. Has Dick enslaved any more Africans? — Firelight.

### State Puzzle

From the names of States we find other words, by transposing letters. The first answer is "New York"—worn key.

1. In a State find two words which mean a "much-used locking implement."

2. In a State find words which mean "no human being." 3. In a State find a mineral and an entrance. 4. In a State find three words: an animal and a word which means crime repeated twice. 5. In a State find a sign and a fabric. 6. In a State find wise men and part of the face. 7. In a State find a hasp and a girl's name. 8. In a State find something which soothes and one letter repeated three times. 9. In a State find a cereal product and a fermented liquor. —The Portall

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 20

#### Acrostic

N A S A L  
E A R L Y  
W H A L E  
Y I E L D  
E G Y P T  
A L W A Y  
R E E K Y  
S E N N A